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THE TATLER

LONDON
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and BYSTANDER

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Harlip

To Be Married In The Autumn: The Hon. Ela Beaumont

The Hon. Ela Beaumont is the daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Allendale, and her engagement was announced in April to Viscount Morpeth, the only son of the Earl and Countess of Carlisle. Lord Morpeth, who is in the Rifle Brigade, was seriously wounded early this year in a mine accident while on active service with his regiment. His mother, Senior Controller Lady Carlisle, is Director of the W.A.C., India. The Hon. Ela Beaumont, who is the second of Lord and Lady Allendale's six children, is the only girl among five brothers. She is working at the Foreign Office



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Secrecy

THERE is so much free talk these days about the prospects of another Three Power Conference that I am compelled to wonder if, now that the war in Europe is over, we shall be told the precise time and place of the meeting in advance, or will there be a continuance of that insistence on secrecy which shrouded even the most successful of the activities of the Allied leaders in more hazardous times? The Russians have always been so guarded in mentioning the movements of Marshal Stalin that they may prefer to say nothing until the meeting is over. There is not the same necessity to cloak President Truman's movements, or those of Mr. Churchill. If the meeting takes place during the General Election, the world is bound to know that the Prime Minister is abroad. And he has warned his constituents that he might have to go. The present idea is that the meeting should take place on German soil, which would suit all concerned and would at the same time be symbolic. Marshal Stalin, who hates flying, could travel by rail. President Truman would presumably travel by sea to Europe and then by motor car or train to the scene of the meeting. His advisers are very much opposed to him flying. They say the risks of losing another President in office are too great. Mr. Churchill would most likely choose to fly in order to save as much time as possible.

The suggestion that Mr. Attlee, who is now his chief opponent in the election as Leader of the Labour Party, should accompany Mr. Churchill indicates not only the momentous nature of the meeting which is pending, but also the flexibility of British outlook and institutions. The presence of Mr. Attlee would, it is argued, ensure that any agreements reached would be honoured. In other words, the continuity of British foreign policy would be assured.

Experience

IT will be President Truman's first meeting with Marshal Stalin, and his first experience of an international conference, which is a fact the most outspoken American commentators will not forget. They will watch all his actions and his words with hawk-like keenness. But President Truman is already showing immense imperturbability; it may be due to his modesty, or his convictions. Nothing rattles him, which is a great tribute to the character of a man who has had so much responsibility thrust on him so suddenly. He has shown commendable initiative in preparing for the Three Power meeting. One of his most experienced advisers on Russian affairs, Mr. Joseph Davies, has been to London to talk to Mr. Churchill. He is said to have been very pleased with his talks, and to have been much impressed by the Prime Minister. Mr. Harry Hopkins, who knows Mr. Churchill very well, did not come to London, as might have been expected. He went to Moscow to hold parallel conversations with Marshal Stalin. As Americans say, when President Truman started these moves it was obvious that "something was cookin'." If anybody doubted that, there was the additional evidence that Mr. Hopkins was in such a poor state of health that only the greatest necessity would have taken him to Moscow from Washington. As he couldn't take a nurse and his wife, he took his wife to look after him.

Change

THE Prime Minister wasted no time in producing a new Government to replace his "famous coalition," once the Labour ministers had refused to continue in office until the end of the Japanese war. True, he did not try any experiments in the key posts. Wherever possible he left those who had been in charge to continue their responsibilities, such as Mr. Anthony Eden at the Foreign Office and Sir John Anderson at the Treasury.

not omitting to mention Mr. R. S. Hudson who has heavy duties to fulfil at the Ministry of Agriculture.

The most interesting newcomer to ministerial responsibility is the Earl of Rosebery, son of the famous Liberal Prime Minister, who is now Secretary of State for Scotland. It was inevitable that some of the most vocal Labour members should complain that the Secretary of State for Scotland had no right to be a member of the House of Lords. In the words of Mr. Willie Gallacher, the Communist, "he ought to be here (in the House of Commons) where we can throw some bricks at him." But that's an old argument, and the Prime Minister was able to deal with that easily, for Lord Rosebery is well acquainted with Scotland's problems. He has been Regional Commissioner for Scotland since 1941. From 1906 until 1910 he sat as a Liberal member for Midlothian in the House of Commons. He was then Lord Primrose.



The Relief of Guernsey and Sark

The people of Guernsey cheered and cried on liberation day when the relief ship arrived, loaded down with a cargo of food, transport and military equipment, for after D-Day all German supplied food for the islands ceased. (Above) Mrs. Hathaway, who is the Dame of Sark



Oak Apple Day at Home of the Chelsea Pensioners

Founder's Day at the famous home for Britain's old soldiers, which was founded by Charles II at the suggestion of Nell Gwynne, had its traditional inspection and march past this year under Gen. Sir Hubert Gough. He is seen here shaking hands with Cpl. Edward Marsh of the Royal Warwicks, who served forty years in the Army



American Generals at Kitzbuhel

General Harry J. Collins, G.O.C. 42nd Rainbow Division, and General Wade Haislip, G.O.C. 15th Corps, photographed together at one of Hitler's favourite beauty spots around Berchtesgaden. These are now being enjoyed by the men of the Seventh U.S. Army who are fortunate that their jobs take them to such a pleasant spot

Now he is president of the Liberal Nationals, who are supporters of the Churchill Government, and have not followed the example of the Sinclair Liberals and withdrawn from the Coalition. Another interesting and deserved change was the transfer from his ministerial duties in the Mediterranean of Mr. Harold MacMillan who becomes Secretary of State for Air. He will welcome this return to home politics, and so will the Conservatives, for he is a good fighter and a forward thinking politician.

On the whole, Mr. Churchill showed great dexterity in selecting his new team, which combines youth and experience. It was a happy thought, for instance, to put Captain Philip Sidney, V.C., at the Ministry of Pensions where he will obtain his first ministerial experience as Parliamentary Secretary to Sir Walter Womersley. Another young Minister to shoulder great responsibility is Mr. R. A. Butler, who gets the unenviable job of Minister of Labour as a reward for his ability and extensive experience in office since 1931. Mr. Butler is forty-three, and some politicians see him as future leader of the Conservative Party, and eventually Prime Minister.

Strife

I SUPPOSE there is no precedent for the cocktail party Mr. Churchill had at No. 10 Downing Street to say farewell to the Labour Ministers after they had formally handed back their seals of office to the King. The Prime Minister is said to have enjoyed himself immensely, although there is no doubt that he disliked parting with those Ministers with whom he had worked on such close and intimate terms for nearly five years. The party turned out to be merely the formal prologue to the renewal of party strife, for next day found Mr. Herbert Morrison yapping like a dog at Mr. Churchill's heels, and Mr. Ernest Bevin bearing down on the Prime Minister with sledge-hammer words. The only self-possessed Ministers or ex-Ministers in the House of Commons that day were Mr. Churchill, who looked benign and held himself with great dignity, and Mr. Clement Attlee, the former Deputy Prime Minister, who sat doodling on the Front Bench with an enigmatic smile on his face. He may have been smiling at the manner in which Mr. Morrison and Mr. Bevin kept bidding for cheers from the Labour

Party, and getting nothing more in return from the irrepressible Prime Minister than some sharp raps across the knuckles. Mr. Churchill was certainly master of the House of Commons on that day, May 28, 1945.

Strength

MR. ERNEST BEVIN is going to be a considerable figure in the General Election campaign for the Labour Party. He has got personality and purpose, and little interest in the refinements of politics. All he believes in are policies. There is no doubt that he will try to be the Labour Party's biggest vote catcher. But he would be an unwise person who tried to forecast the result of this General Election. Not even the wisest election expert is prepared to commit himself beyond some generalizations. There is one generalization which is worth noting, once the nominations have been made and the parties are all set for the fighting. The number of three-cornered



New Air Vice Marshal

A/V/M. C. R. Slemmon, C.B.E., is the Deputy Air Officer C-in-C. R.C.A.F. overseas, and has just been promoted to his present rank. Aged forty, he is one of the youngest Air Officers in the R.C.A.F., which he joined in 1924, becoming a member of the permanent Force a year later



Field-Marshal Montgomery Decorated

France showed her gratitude to Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery when he was decorated by General de Gaulle with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. He is walking accompanied by General Koenig amid cheering crowds down the Champs Elysees

contests will in all probability decide the issue.

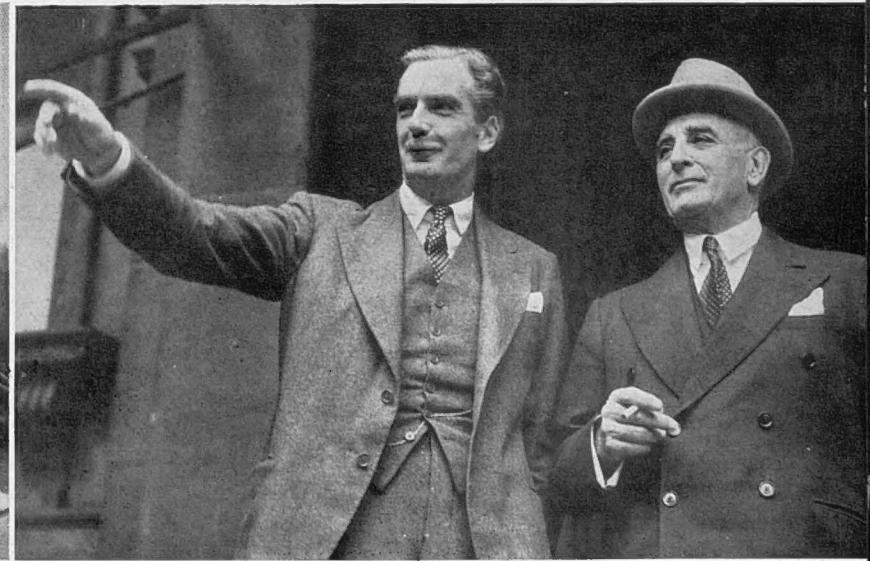
In other words, where Liberals are contesting against Labour and Conservatives they are likely to split the left vote to the advantage of the Conservative candidate. That may not happen in every case, and we must reckon for some increase in the number of left-voters, but as a general rule that is regarded as the most likely thing to happen. Above all, there is the towering personality of the Prime Minister who showed when he toured his constituency the other day that he has lost none of his capacity as a political campaigner. He seemed to enjoy every moment of the occasion.

Not all politicians will take so easily to a resumption of campaigning after a lapse of ten years as Mr. Churchill. Nor do many of them know as many tricks of the game as the Prime Minister, not even Mr. Ernest Bevin.



V.C. to Oppose Mr. Ernest Bevin at General Election

Brigadier J. G. Smyth, V.C. (Conservative), who is photographed with his wife at the home in Dolphin Square, will oppose Mr. Bevin in the Wandsworth Central Division at the General Election. Brig. Smyth, who is fifty-two, won the V.C. in the last war, and later served in India



President Truman's Special Envoy in England

Mr. Joseph Davies, who is in London as President Truman's special envoy, spent the weekend with Mr. Churchill at Chequers. He is seen on the steps of the Foreign Office with Mr. Anthony Eden after he had lunched with him and Mr. Winant, the American Ambassador

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Two Films

By James Agate

DR. JOHNSON or somebody said that the first business of a writer was to be read. And I shall say that the first object of the film-maker is to make a film which can be seen with pleasure. Whoever you are reading me, I beg you at this point to stop twiddling your curling-tongs, winding your watch, or whatever it is that one does when one is reading the letterpress in glossy and glamorous illustrated papers. I want you to pay attention for a moment and consider the proposition that a film may be faultless and boring, and that

equally it may be full of faults and brilliantly entertaining. Do you agree, gentle or stern reader? Then you may resume your twiddling and winding.

THERE are any number of faults in *They Were Sisters* (Gaumont). It is too long. All the part that happens seventeen years earlier should have been cut. There are too many children too much in evidence. The villain fades out at the last moment. And if ever Retribution is to do its famous poised hawk act and swoop down upon the wrongdoer, it must be in a film of this kind. But the virtues of this picture enormously outweigh its deficiencies. There is no damned cinematic merit about it. You forget that anybody is handling the camera. In other words, you are illuded into believing in the story, which is taken from a novel by Dorothy Whipple and is quite first-rate. It is extremely well acted.

AND now I desire to address a word to General Film Distributors. Among the men James Mason, giving a superb performance, is fully entitled to big billing. But there are three sisters in this film, the most important of whom, since the story is hung upon her, is Charlotte, a really fine piece of acting by Dulcie Gray. Why, may I ask, should Phyllis Calvert, giving, of course, a smooth, competent performance in a less important part, be allowed letters three times the size of Miss Gray's? It is the old theatrical nonsense all over again. Small letters for the unknown Miss X who is to play

Juliet, and huge letters for the famous Miss Y who is to star as the Nurse. If I had had anything to do with the starring in connection with this film I should have starred James Mason and the three sisters, Dulcie Gray, Phyllis Calvert and Anne Crawford, in that order. And I should have awarded starlets to Brian Nissen, David Horne, Brefni O'Rourke and Roland Pertwee.

SOME twenty-three years ago the last play of that brilliant, stimulating and, on the technical side, masterly dramatist Arthur Wing Pinero was presented at the Duke of York's Theatre. Critics of the period wrote that they observed a new romantic strain in this so-called "fable," a strain which seemed to leave far behind all those Paulas and Agneses, Ninas and Irises. Some suggested that A.W.P. had taken a leaf out of the Barrie Book of Whimsy. In any case the play was a flop, first because it was a poor play and second because it suffered from that almost wilful miscasting which is one of the favourite secrets of the English theatre.

THE name of the piece was *The Enchanted Cottage*, and this title has been retained in the film version now showing at the Odeon. The screen version follows the main lines of the play pretty closely. The enchantment of the little house in question consists in the suggestion that all the married couples who have rented it throughout the centuries find each other beautiful to look at *providing they are sufficiently in love*. This miracle happens in effect to a wounded airman (Robert Young) and a plain girl (Dorothy McGuire) employed as a help by the widowed owner of the cottage (Mildred Natwick). But is there really any very great amount of transformation? Robert Young, if you covered him with soot, would always be unmistakably and unalterably Robert Young.

While Dorothy McGuire is always so attractive with her compelling, fine eyes and mobile features that you know in the earlier part of this film she has made herself a fright on purpose. And when, later, after partaking of a piece of Natwick's wedding cake, which seems a modern edition of that fatal cocktail in *Tristan and Isolda*, she becomes as lovely as a quattrocento Madonna, one merely says: Well, that is Dorothy—the other was just masquerade.



Plain Laura Pennington (Dorothy McGuire) goes to work for Mrs. Minnett (Mildred Natwick) at her picturesque cottage famed for its enchantment on young couples who have spent their honeymoon there. Oliver Bradford brings his fiancée to view the cottage, but after they leave, Mrs. Minnett tells Laura she is sure they will never marry



Oliver (Robert Young) says good-bye to his fiancée Beatrice (Hillary Brooke) and his parents (Spring Byington and Richard Gaines) when he is called to active service just before his wedding. He has a crash that cripples him, and badly disfigures his face so that on his return Beatrice rejects him



"The Enchanted Cottage," Which Tells How Two Young People Triumph

Very embittered and finding his parents' gushing reactions unbearable, Oliver rents the cottage to escape from the world, but under the sympathy and encouragement of Laura, and John Hillgrove (Herbert Marshall), a pianist-composer blinded in the last war, he slowly regains a saner outlook

THERE was a blind major in the play. In the film it is a blind ex-airman, now turned concert pianist and composer (Herbert Marshall) who holds the tenuous plot together and acts as tactful adviser and kindly *raisonneur* to the initially distraught couple. He even goes so far as to play us some of his compositions, whose extreme derivativeness can only be ascribed to that improvement of the memory which is one of the compensatory symptoms mitigating loss of sight. It is he who plays to his audience his own tone-poem in which he urges them, a little optimistically, to use their imagination. He then proceeds to tell them the story of the Enchanted Cottage, which is thereafter told in a flash-back, as befits every well-behaved screen-story. As, at the end of the picture, he is still playing the tone-poem after an interval of one hour and three-quarters, one is apt to suspect him of having tried to out-Bruckner Bruckner—a consummation devoutly to be deprecated.

Is this a good film? Yes and no. Yes, because a great deal of it is sincere, the dialogue, in spite of certain of some of A.W.P.'s "literary" ebullitions, natural, the action logical and, in places, moving. No, because the chief interest lies in the talk, and the film is not the place for talk. In the cinema, action, and plenty of it, is the thing folks want. In short, this picture is inclined to drag. There are too few characters, too few incidents, too few changes.

THE acting? With this cast one knows exactly what to expect. Herbert Marshall may not give one a very convincing picture of a blind man; what one looks for is charm, urbanity, breeding, and one gets them. Robert Young is always alert, alive, and agreeably all-over-the-screen. Here he is alerter, aliver, and more agreeably all-over-the-entire-picture than ever. Spring Byington is an adept at portraying fussy, silly mothers—nothing could be fussier or sillier than her picture of Robert's doting parent. That brilliant creature, Josephine Whittell, plays this time a canteen manageress, and although appearing in one sequence only, runs away with the entire picture. Dorothy McGuire? You expect her to be eloquent of eye, alluring of gesture, melodious of voice? You are not disappointed.



"Without Love" brings that popular combination of Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy together again in a story of an inventor and woman-hater, Pat Jamieson (Spencer Tracy) and Jamie Rowan (Katharine Hepburn), a disillusioned widow. Jamie owns a house that Pat wants for his experiments, and the two decide to marry on a purely platonic basis so that they can work together. Trouble begins when another man, Paul Carrell (Carl Esmond) makes Jamie realize that she has fallen in love with Pat. Quarrels and misunderstanding follow but eventually the couple are reunited, realizing that they love each other



Over Our Outward Disfigurement And Find Spiritual Happiness

Oliver finds that he is beginning to care deeply for Laura, who has saved him from attempted suicide, and finds happiness at last. However, he is horrified when his parents suddenly say he must return and live with them. To escape that he proposes to Laura and they marry



Oliver and Laura find they appear handsome to each other, and think the cottage has cast a spell over them, but Oliver's parents arrive and blunderingly make them realize they have not changed. However, they realize that as long as they continue to love each other they can maintain the illusion for themselves

The Theatre

"The Crime Of Margaret Foley" (Embassy)

FAUCIERS of stage criminals should make light of the journey to Swiss Cottage. Mr. Edward Percy and Mr. Terence de Marney have written the best play of crime that London has been offered since *Uncle Harry* was at the Garrick. The two plays are alike in their insistence that the effect of the murder upon the murderer may be of greater interest than "the wheres, whens and ifs" of his identification and arrest. "Uncle Harry," you remember, poisoned one sister, fastened the murder on another and was left vainly begging the condemned woman to release him from his intolerable burden of guilt. And Margaret Foley's lover runs so true to temperamental form after he has killed her husband that he is undone less by the accumulating weight of evidence than by a nerve-sapping sense of guilt. Even without the evidence, some of which has an air of having been manufactured at the last moment, he would be doomed. All the amenities of the old Irish house, now his as the husband of the dead man's widow, are edged with torment. It is not good for a murderer to live on the scene of his crime, but the recapture of his ancestral home was the specific object of the murder, and so he stays, driven by fear even deeper into recklessness.

IT is a merit of the play that no one character monopolizes the centre of the stage. Margaret Foley is herself a human and appealing figure. She is first seen confessing to a priest that she no longer loves her elderly husband and cannot bring herself to discard her lover, and the final scene throws a retrospective poignancy over the priest's warning that unless she can break the bonds of illicit love she must inevitably overwhelm herself and others in disaster. The authors leave a nice sense of retributive justice. When the final curtain falls the innocent woman has also been arrested. She must stand trial with her lover, and though it is unlikely that any jury

will convict her of complicity simply on the strength of an equivocal letter, there can be little doubt that until the case is forgotten she will remain the object of universal suspicion.

And the husband is something more than a dummy put up to be knocked down for the sake of the plot; indeed, the vulgar but large-hearted, trusting and trustworthy old pig dealer and his manservant, who abuse and respect each other with perfect naturalness, support an act of lively Irish comedy before the blow falls. Mr. Noel Morris gives a capital performance and the manservant is played with practised ease—almost too well practised nowadays it seems—by Mr. Arthur Sinclair. We feel a shade of regret at the ending of the comedy; but the more serious business of the evening is effectively discharged by Miss Judy Kelly, successfully creating sympathy, and by Mr. Terence de Marney, no less successfully creating antipathy.

"The Night and The Music" (Coliseum)

THERE is absolutely nothing to think about at Mr. Robert Nesbitt's Coliseum entertainment, but how splendidly much there is to see! The whole vast stage is used again and again to its full extent for spectacle on the pre-war scale of grandiosity. Some of these variously and magnificently dressed scenes have a delightful gaiety, more especially the opening fiesta which comes to its climax with the Nine Avalons performing on roller skates with ease and assurance a succession of difficult and seemingly dangerous acrobatic



Wit and Caricature at "The Night and The Music"

Vic Oliver, full of pep and wisecracks, encourages elongated "Slim" Allan to "render" a song but finds the result rather overwhelming

feats. Mr. Vic Oliver is the comedian. He, too, shows an easy assurance in putting across jokes which would give some comedians difficulty, and he is agreeably reinforced by a "stodger" with a grotesque humour of his own, Mr. "Slim" Allan. If it is light and colour and music and dancing and dresses and cheerfulness you want, the Coliseum is certainly the place to go.

ANTHONY COOKMAN.



"The Crime Of Margaret Foley," a New Version of Murder Does Not Pay, in the Wilds of Ireland

The vulgar and genial Tom Foley (Noel Morris) carries his wife (Judy Kelly) upstairs, much to her consternation and the disgust of her lover, the avaricious murderer, Kevin Ormond (Terence de Marney)



Police Inspector Doyle (Ian Fleming) demonstrates the fatal blow to Dr. Crowley (O'Donovan Shiell) with the decanter that killed Tom Foley, while the garrulous old manservant (Arthur Sinclair) enters with the inevitable tray of whisky

Sketches by
Tom Titt

Romance with Music in Three Incarnations

Ivor Novello's "Perchance
to Dream," at the London
Hippodrome



Regency Romance

Restoration of his unknown cousin's stolen pearls in her bedroom by the Regency Buck turned highwayman to repair his empty purse. Roma Beaumont and Ivor Novello



Victorian Romance

Valentine Fayre (Ivor Novello), the reincarnation of the Regency Rake, is happily married to Veronica (Muriel Barron) until he falls in love with Melanie, her best friend (Roma Beaumont)

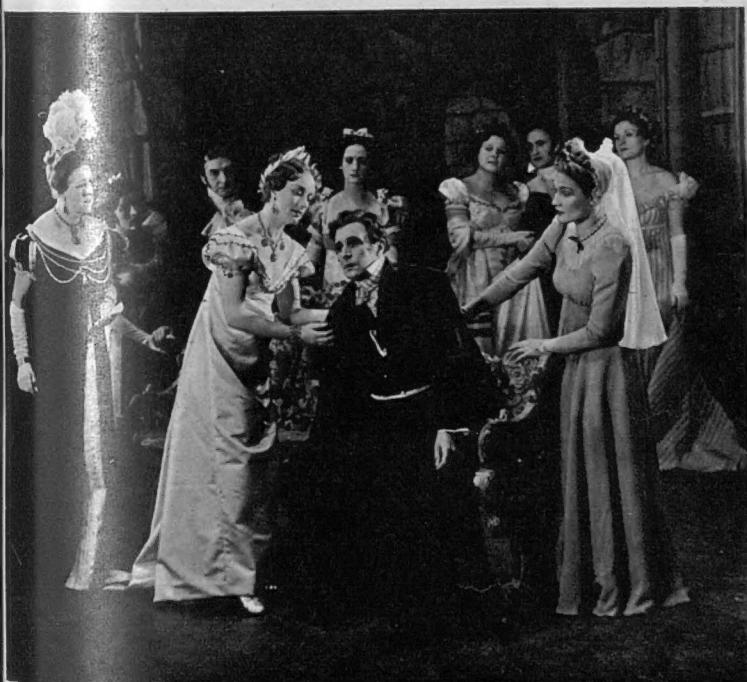


Romance To-Day

In the modern period the lovers (Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont) achieve their destiny at last, and become the owners of Huntersmoon, the home of their crossed-in-love ancestors of Regency and Victorian times

Photographs by
Alexander Bender

● Ivor Novello knows what his public wants and gives it them—tuneful music, colourful costumes, spectacle, romance and plenty of each. *Perchance to Dream*, at the London Hippodrome, carries on the traditions of *The Dancing Years* with a family saga of three generations, centred round an ancestral home with the romantic name of Huntersmoon. Here dies the Regency Rip turned highwayman; here marries the young Victorian victim of the eternal triangle. Olive Gilbert sings as well as ever, Roma Beaumont and Muriel Barron are the glamorous rivals, and Ivor Novello is the soul of romance in every reincarnation



Regency Rake and Highwayman

Ivor Novello as Sir Graham Rodney dying from wounds in a coach hold-up. Left to right: Margaret Rutherford as Lady Charlotte Fayre; Muriel Barron as Lydia Lyddington, the Rake's mistress; the ill-fated highwayman, and Roma Beaumont as his cousin, Melanie, the girl he loves and loses



Victorian Wedding at Huntersmoon

Ivor Novello has died in the Regency but is reincarnated in Victorian times. Here he is in the spectacular wedding scene, marrying Muriel Barron, who was his mistress in the previous Act. Huntersmoon is the family mansion—just the place for a song or a ballet



Going to be Married: Three Recent Spring Engagements

Harlip

Miss Philippa Cunliffe-Owen, whose engagement was announced last month to Mr. Denis Macduff Burke, is the elder daughter of Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, of Sunningdale Park, Sunningdale, Berks

Miss Rosemary Grosvenor, the younger daughter of the late Lord Edward Grosvenor, and Lady Dorothy Charteris, is to marry Major the Hon. George Dawnay, M.C., Coldstream Guards, younger son of the late Viscount Downe, and the Dowager Viscountess Downe

Miss Juliet Mary Preston, who is the eldest daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Preston, of Beeston Hall, Norfolk, is being married in July to the Hon. Richard Manners, son of Lord and Lady Manners, of Tyrrell Ford, Christchurch, Hants

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

The Royal Family

THEIR MAJESTIES have been spending a few days' holiday in Scotland, staying privately at Birkhall, the small and comfortable residence near Balmoral where they used to spend their summers as Duke and Duchess of York. This choice minimised the staff necessities, and enabled the arrangements for the brief Royal respite to be made more simply.

Princess Elizabeth, with a number of engagements on her diary, including the annual meeting of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, in whose work H.R.H. has taken a keen interest for some time past, and a long-planned visit to Wales, where she spent a day with the Girl Guides, remained in London while her parents were away.

The Garden-Party Again

THE first Royal garden-party to be held since the war—at which the only guests were repatriated prisoners of war, and men and women of the Red Cross and St. John who have been working so long and so splendidly on their behalf—and a visit to the Festival of Empire in the Albert Hall at night made Empire Day unusually busy for the King and Queen. Arrangements for the war prisoners' party, made on the same lines as the old Palace garden-parties that used to mark the end of the London season, went with smooth perfection, and men from this country, the Dominions and India, to whom the name of England had been nothing but a dream during their long years in the Nazi prison camps, found themselves standing on the King's lawns, talking to the King and Queen and thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Those who, optimistically, see in this garden-party a forerunner of the revival of peacetime



Repatriated Prisoners at Buckingham Palace

H.M. the Queen and Princess Margaret Rose are seen talking to the guests at the tea-party for the repatriated prisoners, which was held in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. It was attended by some 1,800 prisoners of war, and all the three Services were represented, while the Garden-Party was the first to be held at the Palace since pre-war days



King George of the Hellenes at "Cadet Week" Garden-Party

King George of the Hellenes cut a giant birthday-cake and distributed diaries to the cadets, at a Garden-Party given at their home by Viscount and Viscountess Leverhulme for the National Association of Training Corps for Girls. (Above) King George, Miss Curlett (Dir., N.A.T.C.G.), Viscountess Leverhulme, the Mayor and Mayoress of Bebington, the Earl of Sefton and Lady Evans

social occasions will be heartened by the news that the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Clarendon, is returning to his old quarters in St. James's Palace, with his staff and officials, after spending the war years in "exile" at Windsor Castle. The return to London will facilitate the extra work which Lord Clarendon and his department may expect to find themselves called on to do in the next few months in the not unlikely event of international conferences taking place in London. But there is, it seems, no hope whatever of the purely social side of the Court being revived until after victory has been gained in the East.

Queen Mary's Return

ANOTHER very welcome returned "exile" is Her Majesty Queen Mary, who is hoping to take up residence at Marlborough House again this month (June). Queen Mary has been very active during her years at Badminton, where she has stayed with her niece, the Duchess of Beaufort, and the Duke, and her absence will be sorely felt in the West Country. But she has a mass of affairs awaiting her attention in town, and no one will be happier to get back

into the familiar routine of London than Her Majesty, who celebrated her seventy-eighth birthday at Badminton a few days ago.

Royal Windsor Horse Show

THE Royal Windsor Horse Show Club's second Horse Show in the Home Park, Windsor Castle, was a great success. His Majesty the King was patron of the Show, and once again all the profits were given to war charities. There were very big entries in all the classes, and, in spite of the showery weather, a huge attendance. Mr. Ian Hezlett, the honorary secretary, must have worked very hard to organise such a smoothly and efficiently run show.

One of the earliest arrivals was the little Princess Alexandra, who was there before 10 a.m. and soon up on her snow-white pony, ready to compete in the second class, which was for ponies under thirteen hands to be ridden by a child under thirteen years. The Princess rode beautifully, but unfortunately was not a prize-winner. The Duchess of Kent, wearing a camel-hair coat over her blue dress and short coat, was received on her arrival by the Duke of Beaufort, president of the Show.



Congratulations for the Drum-Major

Lady Stratheden and Campbell, chief of the Scottish 'Girls' Training Corps, took the salute at the Middlesex County Girls' Training Corps rally held on the Horse Guards Parade, in London. She is seen with Drum-Major Pat Davidson

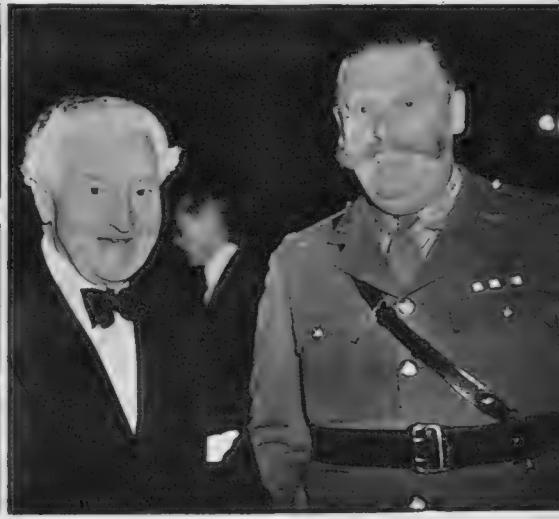


French Reception Held in London

Mme. Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador, was talking to King Zog of Albania at the reception held in London by the Entr'aide Française



The Countess of Abingdon and Lady Braybrooke were at the Entr'aide Française reception, whose mission is to bring relief to the civilian population of France



Empire Day Luncheon

The ninety-second meeting of the Wine and Food Society was held in London on Empire Day. The president, Mr. Andre L. Simon, finds something to laugh about with Major Gould-Marks



Three Women Liberal Candidates

Lady V. Bonham-Carter was photographed with the only two Liberal Service candidates, Miss H. Buckmaster, Chief Officer, W.R.N.S., a niece of the late Lord Buckmaster, who is contesting Rusholme, Manchester, and Cpl. E. Lakeman, W.A.A.F., candidate for St. Albans

The Duchess was there in time to see her little daughter come into the ring, and later, when there was a torrential downpour during the children's class, she beckoned to Princess Alexandra to button up her coat collar; but soon a groom arrived with her little mackintosh, an example quickly followed for most of the other children in the class.

In the Royal Enclosure

IN the Royal Enclosure with the King and Queen were Lord Gowrie, V.C., Lieutenant-Governor of Windsor Castle, and Lady Gowrie, the Duke of Beaufort, president of the Show, Lady Hyde, in waiting on Her Majesty, Sir Ulick Alexander, Sir Arthur Erskine, away for once from the familiar setting of Ascot Racecourse, Col. Dermot McMorrough Kavanagh, the Crown Equerry, Earl Fortescue and Sir Archibald Weigall, who were both judging.

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret arrived in the morning, but not in time to see their cousin ride. They were both wearing coats and skirts, with silk handkerchiefs tied round their heads, Princess Elizabeth's bright yellow and Princess Margaret's blue to match her suit. The latter sat next to the Duchess of Kent most of the day and shared her rug. The bigger pony class was being judged when the two Princesses arrived—a large class which was won by Miss Hill-Wood, who had the added pleasure of receiving her prize from Princess Elizabeth.

Arab Parade

EARLY after lunch there was a parade of twenty Arab stallions, which was a lovely sight. They had been sent at their owner's



Cicely Courtneidge in Rome

Miss Cicely Courtneidge judged exhibits at the B.R.C.S. Exhibition in Rome, which Lady Louis Mountbatten opened on May 18th. She is seen with Mrs. Saunders, Dir., B.R.C.S. Occupational Therapy, Middle East, and Miss M. Storror, Officer-in-Charge, C.M.F.

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

expense not to compete for any prize, but for the good of horse-breeding, to let the public see what lovely Arabs we still have in this country. Lady Yule, who has always taken a keen interest in the breeding of Arabs, as well as the British thoroughbred (which she has done so much to improve and keep going through the difficult war days at her stud in Hertfordshire); sent four beautiful Arab stallions to parade. Another exhibitor was the Hon. Mrs. Vaughan Williams, who sent two. Miss Anne Bowditch also sent two, and among others who exhibited

were Major Staveacre, Mrs. May and Mr. Ruxton. There was a very human and impromptu note at the end of the parade, when the horses were leaving the ring; the announcer over the microphone, Major Faudel-Phillips, suddenly said: "Will you all please go round the ring once more, as Princess Alexandra has missed the parade and would like to see the horses." The little Princess stood up beside Major Faudel-Phillips to watch the horses go round, and as she was near the microphone some of her remarks came faintly over the loudspeaker, and you heard her saying: "Aren't they a lot?" and "Oh, they are lovely!"

King and Queen Arrive

THEIR MAJESTIES joined the other members of the Royal party during the afternoon, and



Two Recent Weddings in the Country and in London

Mr. Louis Adolphus Simonds, of Tihe Barn, Newnham, near Basingstoke, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Simonds, of Abbey Croft, Mortimer, Berks, married Miss Iris Nanette Micklem, daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Micklem, of Whitchurch, near Aylesbury; at St. Mary's, Hardwicke, Aylesbury



Major Eric George Ewart, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Rayner, Westmorland Lodge, Wimbleton Common, married Mrs. Raymond Davis, widow of F/Lt. C. R. Davis, D.F.C., and daughter of the late Col. Sir John A. Hope, Bt., and of the Hon. Lady Hope, of Pinkie House, Musselburgh

were there to see the Hack Championship awarded to Mr. Tom Whittingham for his nice bay hack L'Aperitif, with Miss Irene Mann-Thomson the runner-up.

Later the King and Queen watched their two daughters and their niece driving round in the "private driving class for best single turn-out." Princess Elizabeth, with her sister as passenger, drove a phaeton drawn by a black pony. It was a very smart turn-out and thoroughly deserved the first prize. She drove with great coolness and showed her pony off beautifully, no easy feat with so many entries and a crowded ring. The Duke of Beaufort presented the cup, and Princess Margaret, obviously delighted at their win, held the cup on her lap for the spectators to see as the prize-winners drove once round the ring. Princess Alexandra was a passenger in a smart dog-cart entered by Miss S. Cooper, but this was not among the prize-winners.

Spectators

COUNTESS FORTESCUE, looking nice in red, was an interested spectator all day; she came early with her husband, who was judging. Lady Fortescue, who is Lord Allendale's eldest sister, is a fine horsewoman and always in great demand to judge ladies' hacks and hunters. The Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmett arrived before lunch, and was chatting to Lt.-Col. Eric Gooch, who is commanding the Household Cavalry Regiment at Windsor. Mrs. Emmett took a house in Windsor at the outbreak of war, when her husband rejoined his regiment, The Life Guards, and was stationed at Windsor; now he is out with the B.L.A. and she is living in London. Her two elder children are serving too; Mary is in the Wrens and Jim is in the Army; the youngest is still at his prep. school. Major and the Hon. Mrs. Wills were chatting to the Hon. Mrs. Gwynne Morgan-Jones, who came in her V.A.D. uniform.

There were many "top-hatted" Eton boys there, and I saw Mrs. Andrew Ferguson, escorted by her son, who is at Eton now. Major "Jackie" Philipps was with his wife, Lady Joan Philipps, who was getting ready to compete in one of the driving classes with a very smart turn-out; one of his brother-officers went in the show-ring as Lady Joan's passenger, as her husband said he was too heavy! A family party watching the Show were Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer. They brought their little daughter, Carolyn Clare, who thoroughly enjoyed herself. The Earl of Portarlington came over from his home near Ascot. Mr. and Mrs. Adrian

(Concluded on page 312)



Hills Saunders, Eton

Christening in Eton College Chapel

The infant daughter of Lt./Cdr. and Mrs. Peter Laurence was christened Pamela Jane at Eton College Chapel. (Above) Lt. M. Beatty, R.N.V.R., Mr. J. Laurence, Mrs. P. Laurence and Pamela Jane, Lt./Cdr. P. Laurence R.N.V.R., Master Aubrey Laurence and Miss D. Lyttelton



London Christening

The christening took place at the King's Chapel of the Savoy of the infant son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. A. Wakefield. Lt.-Col. Wakefield is the Parliamentary Liberal candidate for Southall, Middlesex. The parents are seen with their son, John Ashton, after the christening



Dining together were Major Philip Fielden, The Royals, Major Guy Carlton-Smith-Inglis, Mrs. John Marsden and the Hon. Mrs. John Mansfield, who is the wife of Lord Sandhurst's son and heir

Out After Dark In the London Restaurants

Photographs at Bagatelle, Ciro's and Mirabell by Swaebe



The Hon. Mrs. J. J. Astor was listening intently to her husband's cousin, Capt. Gavin Astor, who had the Hon. Mrs. Ormsby-Gore on his other side



Right: Laughing, at a table for three, were Lady Fuller, her sister, Lady Watson, who is the mother of the baronet, and Mr. Francis (Gugs) Weatherby



Viscountess Bury with her parents, the Marchioness and Marquess of Londonderry, and Mr. Duncan Morrison, who wrote "Song of the Hebrides"



Sir Edwin and Lady Paston-Bedingfeld were dining together. He is in the Welsh Guards and went out with the B.L.A. last summer



Mrs. Francis Holdsworth-Hunt, Mr. Charles Forester, a recently-liberated prisoner of war, his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Nicholas Villiers, and Major Holdsworth-Hunt



Major H. Legget-Bourke, Lady Moyra Forester, who is the daughter of the fifth Marquess of Ormonde, and the Hon. Nicholas Villiers

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A CHAP who recently paid a call on Mrs. Van Burtchell assures us that she is looking as well as might be expected after five years of war, which is very gratifying.

You may not know Mrs. Van B. She is preserved in her best lace gown in a glass case at the Royal College of Surgeons. When she died in the 1770's her husband, a prominent medical boy, had the idea of embalming and exhibiting her to the public in his sitting-room as an advertisement, daily between 9 and 1, Sundays excepted. Some time later, when Mr. Van Burtchell married again, the second Mrs. Van B. did some spring-cleaning and despatched her predecessor to Dr. Hunter's museum. To-day Mrs. Van B. the first, though a trifle battered, is still interesting as an example of early medical publicity.

Whether the Harley Street boys still raise their hats politely on passing her this chap didn't say. Some of them would like to adopt the Van Burtchell Plan and form a collection, he added. The drawback is that so many English Roses look as if they were embalmed anyway that the ham-faced public would hardly pay a shilling to see them in a glass case. Apart from those frightful hats.

Footnote

OUR feeling is that a musical-box concealed inside the figure might solve this problem. Live women who look apparently stuffed often attract attention and interest at London parties in this way, though of course not very much. One

glance and you're off to the buffet, generally. However, it's worth trying.

Japonaiserie

THAT traditional Japanese passion for paper is revealed again in the paper-balloon bombs they have been sending over the western United States mainland.

Great boys for paper, the Japanese have always been. Lanterns, napkins, screens, fans, umbrellas, and toys for children and business men are among the more familiar manifestations, and you probably remember from nursery days those twisty morsels of coloured paper which, when dropped into a glass of clear water, blossomed into flowers and birds and quaint decorative shapes. Some kink in the Japanese mind probably explains this paper-complex, though the Race itself is not entirely guiltless of such curious fiddlings. Swift's friend "dear Mrs. Delany," for example, made quite a reputation at cutting flowers minutely out of paper, and we have the philatelist boys always with us; grown-up chaps, all bald as china doorknobs, sticking tiny bits of paper on other tiny bits of paper day and night amid an enigmatic silence. Superficial politeness masking subtle cruelty make philately an almost Japanese trick, a chap in close touch tells us. Before beating his wife a philatelist bows three times, drawing in his breath softly.



"You say it's only diamonds and gold plate, but for all I know it might be coal or oranges"

Solution

AFTER long research we explain philately by frustration. The rich, free, adventurous, dangerous life of the billsticker, slapping great wads of paste on enormous areas of paper and constantly threatened by prosecution, attracts philatelists as light does the moth. The shameful knowledge that they lack the essential guts drives them to acts of brutality towards women which we all deplore, or any rate, some of us.

Spectacle

ON reaching Copenhagen by air recently the *Times* Special Correspondent was greatly struck by the handsome pans of the Danes, which is not unnatural. Nobody fresh from Printing House Square could help being agreeably startled by faces of almost any kind of human shape.

Europe's greatest aesthetic surprise is probably the average Greek face and next to that the Florentine. In both cases the

(Concluded on page 302)



"You're quite the most unapproachable woman I've ever met, Miss Henderson"



The King and Queen and the Duchess of Kent watch Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose drive past during the private driving class

Princess Elizabeth a Prize-winner Again at the Royal Horse Show, Held at Windsor

Right: Smiling happily, Princess Elizabeth studies her first-prize rosette, while Princess Margaret Rose proudly receives the silver cup from the Duke of Beaufort



Princess Alexandra handles her pony Kitty with assurance



Princess Margaret Rose, the Duchess of Kent, H.M. the King, H.M. the Queen, the Duke of Beaufort and Princess Elizabeth watching the Show

The weather was cold, so everyone appeared cheerful but well wrapped up at the Royal Horse Show. The King and Queen were present, accompanied by the two Princesses, with the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra. Princess Elizabeth repeated her last year's success in winning a first for the best turn-out in the private driving class, and Princess Alexandra was a competitor in the class for ponies not exceeding 13 hands, ridden by children under thirteen. A striking feature at the Show was a very fine parade of Arab stallions, which included one belonging to Mr. R. Summerhays, President of the Arab Horse Society.



Mrs. Bourne-May, Lady Elizabeth Lambart, the Earl of Cavan's elder daughter, and Mr. Bourne-May



Mr. W. Humble, W/Cdr. D. R. Walker, Mrs. Southgate, W/Cdr. Woolf Barnato, and his daughter, Mrs. D. R. Walker

Standing By...

(Continued)

old classic comeliness seems to have faded out in the wash, so to speak. But Auntie *Times*'s boys are deliberately picked for sterling worth rather than meretricious beauty (except in the Ads. Dept., which has both), and many of them are bent double and covered with hair, our spies report. Hence the anguished cry of Cyrano de Bergerac often rings through the corridors as some blonde secretary trips by.

... J'aime Cléopâtre: ai-je l'air d'un César?

J'adore Bérénice: ai-je l'aspect d'un Tite?

Frankness compels the answer "No." But when Auntie reviews her homely forces once a month she realises they have something more valuable than mere good looks, namely moral power, rectitude, and high ideals. We get nothing for this write-up, incidentally. It is what is called a Spontaneous Tribute. As Wordsworth said:

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the Machiné,
The Reason firm, the temperate Will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
The Mind that weakness ne'er confesses,
And whiskers caught in printing-presses

Or words to that effect.

Faëry

DOWN at Bognor Regis, Sussex, a citizen swore to one of the Fleet Street boys the other day that he saw a German invasion foiled in 1940, with coastal guns roaring and R.A.F. in action and hundreds of Nazi corpses washing up on the shingle.

This seems the most romantic happening on that romantic coast since the poet Blake met those tall veiled figures at sunset on the beach at Felpham who turned out to be the Major Prophets. One would hardly query this meeting had not Blake unfortunately seen a fairy's funeral in his garden a little later. The plain deduction is that Slogger Blake, unlike the great common-sense Spanish mystics, was a trifle cuckoo, for fairies prefer to die at Brighton, or (if exclusive) at Hove, as everybody knows. Having lived in Blake's cottage for some



"I can't sleep at home—I miss the jungle noises"



"Has anybody got my music by mistake?"

weeks a few summers ago and carefully watched for any faëry phenomena, we can assure the Psychic Research boys that though we once caught a glimpse of Titania the Fairy Queen in person (so a chap assured us) in the Fox Inn opposite, wearing blue corduroy trousers with enamelled crimson toenails, laughing heartily and tossing back a sequence of dry Martinis, she was never buried in Blake's garden, though several chaps present urged the desirability of such a step then and there.

Jag

ONE thousand "war-tired" locomotives are to be scrapped by the L.N.E.R. within the next five years. Remember that emotional orgy just before the war, when one of the big railway companies publicly exhibited its earliest engine on its hundredth anniversary and weak women and strong men wept unashamed (according to the *Daily Snoop*)? A thousand old tired engines doomed to die could provide the Race with a crying jag on an immense scale, we thought happily.

Prone as anybody to fall for what Ruskin called the Pathetic Fallacy, we don't weep as readily over old engines as some. Little lost actresses and unhappy birdies invariably get us going. Also horses, whose long sad noble faces remind us of County cricketers suffering injustice for a woman's sake. Professional booksy critics make us cry almost anywhere. Among inanimate objects James ("Boss") Agate's bowler hat hanging on a peg has the same effect, partly because of its peculiar baroque, partly because in its lonely pride the Agate hat reminds us of the golden eagle at the Zoo.

On drying our eyes we hang our own about six pegs away, where it can demonstrate respect and sympathy without intrusion. It got a favourable nod from the Agate hat some time ago by describing an adjacent Anthony Eden belonging to some hack critic or other as "This other Eden, demi-parasite," but naturally our hat doesn't presume on this.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Lady Jones sits working at her desk. The paintings above the mantelpiece are by her daughter, Laurian Jones

Author of "National Velvet"

Lady Jones and Her Artist Daughter
at Their Sussex Home



Miss Laurian Jones began her career by doing the drawings for her mother's novel, "National Velvet," when she was only thirteen. For the last three years she has worked in the Aeronautical Inspection Department, and is a full examiner of Halifax bombers at a Handley Page factory



Lady Jones in the Garden of Kipling House, Rottingdean

Lady Jones, who writes under the name of Enid Bagnold, is the wife of Sir Roderick Jones, former Principal Proprietor of Reuters. She has lately turned with equal success from author to playwright, and her dramatic play *Lottie Dundas*, which was on in London last year, is being filmed with Vivien Leigh in the title-role. Julien Duvivier, the celebrated French director, is to direct the picture. Lady Jones has just finished two more plays, one of which is going at once to America, while the film of her well-known novel *National Velvet* has its London premiere sometime in June



Dilys : "Oh, how do you do?" Ambrose : "Bursting with health" Dilys : "I am relieved. I feared an infirmity of the lower limbs" Ambrose Ellis (Emlyn Williams), circus proprietor, and Mr. Pitter, his secretary (Arthur Hambling), visit Dilys Parry (Diana Wynyard), whose husband died in the Crimean War, in quest of the "dwarf" of miraculous powers



Evan : "Our little man is not a dwarf" Evan Howell (Herbert Lomas), the local preacher of the Welsh mountain village of Blestyn, explains to the circus proprietor that the "dwarf" who can pluck music from the air is in reality a small boy

Music, Miracles and Mountains

"The Wind of Heaven," by Emlyn Williams, Blows Emotionally Round a Young Messiah in the Welsh Uplands



The curtain falls on Act 2, Scene 1, as the Boy (Clifford Huxley) passes by in silence. The others realise the significance of the Presence—they accept the boy as the Messiah. Are these mystic happenings the symbols of emotional revivalism? The author lets the voice of reason—in the shape of Mr. Pitter—speak for rationalism. But the prevailing wind blows stronger from the supernatural heights



Bet : "Tell me, what are you thinking?" Ambrose : "I am thinking . . . that I carried him home, three miles uphill, and I can feel my arms as light as the air" Ambrose questions Bet (Mags Jenkins) about the boy, who refers to him as Emrys and foretells his return



Dilys: "I had never noticed him before. He is cutting wood for his mother, who is my servant. What were you thinking?" Ambrose: "That he's a real boy all right, which will make him more appealing to my public" Ambrose's Celtic youth has been submerged by greed and money. Dilys is lonely and unresigned. The childless village mourns its dead, the darkness seems to herald the coming of a Messiah

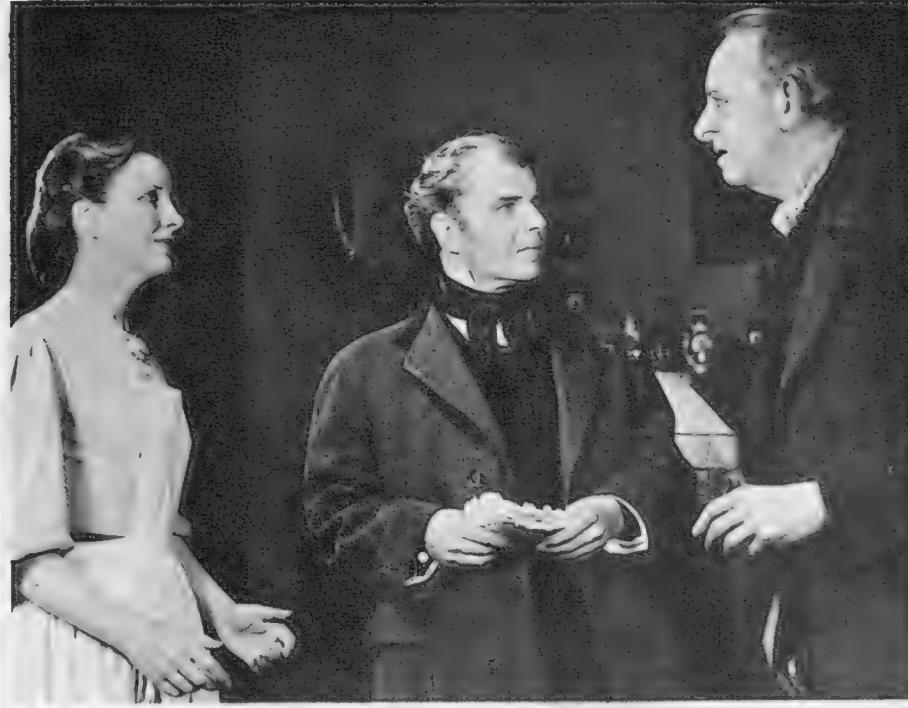
Dilys: "This is your plague in earnest . . . And Isslwyn?" Menna: "He died about an hour ago" Dilys and her niece, Menna (Dorothy Edwards). Menna is to marry a young soldier who dies from cholera in the local military hospital. The mysterious boy brings him back to life

• The setting is a Welsh mountain village, the period the Crimean War. Strange things happen—prophecies, clairvoyance, mysterious music from the air, the healing of the sick, the raising of the dead, all emanating from the love-child of a servant. The play shows the spiritual impact of these supernatural events on the village and especially on the erstwhile Emrys, now Ambrose, rich Birmingham showman, who comes to seek a "dwarf" for his circus and stays to believe and spread the tidings of the boy Messiah. Emlyn Williams, Diana Wynyard, Megs Jenkins and Herbert Lomax give superb performances

Photographs by John Vickers



Mrs. Lake: "Have a sleep, put on a starched collar, and don't get morbid. You are coming back with me?" Ambrose's mistress, Mrs. Lake from Birmingham (Barbara Couper), is mystified by his long stay in the Welsh village and puts it down to some newly-found feminine influence



Ambrose: "Evan, how does the Lord's Prayer begin, in Welsh?" Evan: "'The Lord will help you,' sir. 'Speak with Him b-mely, for He knoweth you well'" Mrs. Lake is defeated and the supernatural prevails. Ambrose and Dilys, finding new worlds open before them, prepare to take the roads as evangelists with true Celtic urge and revivalism. Meanwhile, the boy has died, a victim of the cholera



Lt.-Gen. Sir Ronald Weeks, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C.

**The Chief Representative for Control Questions in the
British Occupational Army in Germany**

• Lt.-Gen. Sir Ronald Weeks, who is to be Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery's chief representative for the Allied Control Council in Germany, has been Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff at the War Office since 1942. Sir Ronald, who is fifty-four, was created a C.B.E. in 1939, and K.C.B. four years later. In the last war he served with the Rifle Brigade and was awarded the D.S.O., M.C. and Bar, and the Croix de Guerre. Not a regular soldier in peacetime, he was one of Britain's leading manufacturers, and director of several companies. He was a Major in the Territorials when war began

Lady Weeks, Who Works at the W.V.S. H.Q.

Priscilla in Paris

Food's far from plentiful in Paris, but the simple meals provided for the returning prisoners seem like gargantuan feasts, after the long years behind the Huns' barbed wire

D. O.A.H. A spot of trouble with a mine and an ambulance that has been running since '39 and was holding together by the mercy of God, a few bootlaces, some stamp-paper and odds and ends of wire, brought me back to Paris for repairs just as I was about to cross the border into Boche-land. Were we sick or were we not? No more glory or excitement for the time being. Having, so to write, missed the 'bus, we had to fall back on the poor consolation of doing the job that's nearest. Not that it's a dull one, since we are working for the returning prisoners, but to be amongst the first into Berlin was the aim of all of us who have had the Hun at close quarters for the last five years, and the disappointment was bitter.

The rare news we are getting of the lucky ones who are working in Germany is thrilling. Since one of our drivers was stabbed in the back by a fourteen-year-old Hitlerite while she was tinkering with a recalcitrant sparking-plug the unit has been armed, and the girls go to bed, when billeted on the inhabitants, with a candlestick in one hand and a revolver in the other. We may be "Angels of Mercy," but any Jerry that tries monkey tricks of that sort deserves all he gets. My brand of mercy is all for putting him quickly out of an existence he does not deserve. Too many of our men, maimed and brutalised till they no longer bear semblance to human form, have passed through my hands since last I wrote for me to have any kind of pity for the Nazis, male, female, young or old.

THE other day we were taking a young woman back to her home to die. At a level-crossing we were held up to allow the passing of a long train of German prisoners. They were penned, standing, in open coal-trucks and it was raining. A drab, dismal crew bearing no resemblance to the smart, goose-stepping soldiers that daily used to march up the Champs-Élysées, music blaring. We lifted the woman in our arms so that she could look out of the ambulance window that, luckily, was of clear glass. It was several moments before her dull eyes realised what they were seeing, but when they did, for a few brief moments she returned to life. Her eyes shone, a flush came to her cheeks and she actually laughed. I shall never forget that laugh. It was the grimdest sound I have ever heard. When we laid her back on her pillows, she murmured: "Il faut les tuer, tous!" Personally, I have no objection, and we assured her so, but in our hearts we know, alas, that when it comes to the point we'd probably be too darned human. One can kill, I suppose, without a qualm in the heat of battle, but in cold blood as they do, mon Dieu, no!

THE ambulance-trains from Germany with the saddest loads always seem to arrive at dawn, at the hour when life ebbs lowest, but, even so, it is something to see these eager faces pressed against the window-panes of the carriages, with eyes fixed in mute inquiry as the men stare out at the long line of waiting ambulances on the station platform. The Boy Scouts and Girl Guides do a wonderful job of work, and the worst cases are whisked off to the hospitals almost before they know they are home. It's good to see them in the clean white beds that await their coming, surrounded with the needed attentions of nurses and doctors.

One of the most difficult jobs is saving those who can walk about, and get around by themselves, from being killed by kindness. A glass of wine or too rich a meal is a dangerous offering for men who have starved for years, and the eager questioning they have to submit to from anxious inquirers who are waiting for their vanished sons and husbands is another ordeal. One tries to protect them as much as possible,

but how can one put restrictions on those who have lived behind barbed wire so long? With their shaven heads and the ghastly, ragged blue- and grey-striped suits that most of them return in they are grimly picturesque, and in the street they are quickly surrounded by a questioning crowd of well-wishers.

At the military hospitals the stretcher-bearers are German prisoners. Wounded Huns that have been nursed and cured and are kept on for that job. The returning men take grim satisfaction in ordering them about with cold disdain. One of them, who said he needed a change of air, made his bearers carry him round the garden for half-an-hour: "And if you drop me," he said, "I'll get up and murder you!" They didn't drop him, but they were wobbly-kneed by the time he called "Enough!"

THE food shortage is terrific, but the simple meals we are able to set before them seem to be gargantuan repasts, judging from what they leave on their plates. Some of them want to save what they can't eat, and we have to persuade them not to wrap up their leavings in bits of newspaper and the rags they call their handkerchiefs.

One morning at the Gare d'Orsay sorting-station I witnessed the man-handling of five Vichy miliciens who were trying to sneak back into France. It seems that these men have a death's-head tattooed on their armpits. That is how they were discovered. When the men of Police Secours half-heartedly rescued them from the crowd, they were in a pretty bad way. One was wearing his nose somewhere round his left ear. Another was stark naked and must have enjoyed his ride to prison in an open police-truck. This may not be pretty-pretty, but with things as they are, have been and will be so long as a single Nazi exists, and we see the result of their handiwork, one must not expect those who have suffered to turn the other cheek.

PRISCILLA.



Whitsuntide Racegoers at Longchamp

The very latest hat fashions were worn by two of the racegoers at Longchamp, where large crowds gathered to see the first racing that had taken place there since August 1944.



Priscilla's Ambulance



"Priscilla" and an American Sergeant



Mary Churchill Opens an Exhibition

The Prime Minister's youngest daughter opened an exhibition in Paris recently in aid of the bombed-out children of London. The exhibition was organised by the Swiss artist Charles Montag. Above are Lady Diana Cooper and Mary Churchill



The Judging of One of the "Best Pony" Classes at the Royal Windsor Horse Show at Home Park, Windsor

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Jockeys

SUPPOSING A had something tried good enough to win the Grand National—or, let us say, the Grand International—would he go out of his way to pick a "chalk" jockey to ride him, when the best professional in the profession was available, and had, moreover, already steered the horse to victory over some of the worst rascals—and brimful brooks—ever imagined in the mind of man? To put the question is to get the answer. Supposing, in addition to this, the "chalk" jockey was a creature with no hands, because he was not possessed of the elementary necessity for them, a strong seat, and had proved to demonstration that he had not even a glimmering of knowledge of what judgment of pace means?

A Springer

WHETHER we like his looks or whether we do not—and some of us think he is too straight in front and inclined to be a bit back at the knee—we should have been out of our senses if we had not taken serious notice of this devastating win by Lord Rosebery's Midas in the 1½-mile Newmarket Stakes on May 23rd. Those very wily birds, the bookmakers, did so very quickly, and the price shortened from 40 to 1 to eights. It is never wise to disregard what the Ring says in figures. They saw that which everyone else saw—namely, that there was no fluke about it. Midas went past a proven warrior like Grandmaster (Free Handicap winner from Hobo and Blue Water in a slogging finish) as if he were standing still.

The Ringmen also, no doubt, took note of the fact that his jockey's losing an iron had not all to do with the defeat of the hot favourite, Paper Weight, and that he was just weighed and found wanting; not quite the same thing going for Sweet Cygnet. We do not yet know how good Midas may be. In the 1944 Two-Year-Old Free Handicap this is what Mr. Arthur Fawcett thought of him vis-à-vis the leading lights: Dante 9 st. 7 lb., Court Martial 9 st. 6 lb., Sun Storm (Tornadic colt) 9 st. 2 lb., High Peak 9 st., Grandmaster 8 st. 13 lb., Midas 8 st. 6 lb. On this recent running, where would you put Midas, taking Grandmaster as a pivot? I know what I think I should charge him over 1½ miles for this four lengths, but it is always better to get a second opinion. To ask anyone to handicap them at 1½ miles would be just inviting them to a guessing game.

Midas looked as if he would gallop on; he beat one whose long suit may be staying, and he would not have blown snuff off a sixpence when he came back. He is engaged in the Leger, an undertaking which his breeding (Hyperion—Coin of the Realm—Cyllene and Hurry On in the background) fully entitles him to contemplate. They say he was the best-thought-of amongst Jack Jarvis's two-year-olds. He ran five times: one win over 5 furlongs at Newmarket; two seconds—one, beaten half a length by Fairthorn, and the other, beaten a short head over 6 furlongs by Flush—a filly—and a respectable third in the Dewhurst, 7 furlongs, to Paper Weight 9 st. 2 lb., Queen Christina colt (Christie) 8 st. 9 lb., and his own weight 8 st. 9 lb. Times change! I would rather have him batting for me than against me over a distance of ground. In the meanwhile, whatever some of the innocents may or may not think of this year's crop of three-year-olds, I suggest that whilst we can see such champions as Tehran, Ocean Swell, Hycilla and Borealis, to say nothing of Historic, Cadet and Co., fighting their battles on our racecourses, there is no cause for uneasiness as to the quality of British bloodstock.

Dope

IF, after investigation by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, Mr. Michael Miller's allegation that the doping pest has broken out again is held to be well-founded, it is certain that the most vigorous measures will at once and again come into force. At the time when this abominable malpractice was at its peak in this country and in others—India was a very black spot—the practice was, in any case where there was even the faintest suspicion, to take a test of the animal's saliva. Chemical analysis did the rest, and conviction was a virtual certainty. The sentence usually embraced owner, trainer, jockey and horse. Detection of the presence of any drug was made ipso facto a verdict of guilty, and no obligation to bring the actual offence home to an individual was recognised. The Jockey Club Rule, Part XXIV, 176 (i) reads:

If any person shall administer or cause to be administered, for the purpose of affecting the speed of a horse, drugs or stimulants internally, by hypodermic or other method . . . shall be warned off Newmarket Heath and some other places where these Rules are in force.



Southgate Cricket Club v. Cambridge

The match was a draw between Southgate Cricket Club and Cambridge, where the former scored 239 for seven wickets, and Cambridge declared with 279 for seven. Front row: M. A. Crouch, D. J. Parr. Middle row: F. W. Barnes, F. C. Hawker (captain), W. R. Burton, J. F. H. Tyler. Back row: T. Franklin, L. B. Thompson, P. J. Fisher, C. S. Davies, E. Outhwaite



D. R. Stuart
Peer's Son to Play for England

Lord Annaly's son and heir, the Hon. Luke Robert White (right), now an R.A.F. cadet at Cambridge, was chosen to play for England at Lord's on June 2nd. With him is John Dewes, the Aldenham freshman who has made the fourth century in five innings, so reducing his average from 257.5 to 206.33. He is in the R.N. Division at Cambridge



The Newmarket Stakes, with the Finish Won by Lord Rosebery's Midas from Grandmaster and Blue Water



A Good Two-Year-Old at Newmarket

A very promising filly is H.H. The Aga Khan's Leventina, which won the Fitzwilliam Stakes at Newmarket, ridden by Gordon Richards. (Above) Leventina, with Gordon Richards up, returns to scale

Sub-section (vi) deals with connivance and conspiracy to commit this offence. It entails the self-same penalty.

The only suggestion is that the words "for life" should be added after "warned off," for doping is not merely a heinous violation of turf morality: it has the most serious effects upon the innocent victim, the horse. Mr. Michael Miller has said that he has discovered an antidote, and let us hope that this is so, but I fancy it would be very difficult to counteract the effects if the animal had been subjected to a long course of doping. In practice it was found that a doped horse was not of much more use than a dead horse, and for this reason, if for no other, it would seem to be desirable that the penalty should be of the utmost rigour.

A Flagrant Case

No names, no dates, no pack-drill! This is not a story based upon hearsay, but upon what was seen and heard by many—including the writer. A horse, which had been backed down to very short odds, was not visible just before the large field reached the distance post, and it seemed as if the animal was hopelessly pocketed. Then, a few lengths from the finish, we heard a shout: "Look out, boys, I can't hold him!" The front rank opened out and the favourite came storming through, and not only won running away, but seemed inclined to continue the process indefinitely. The animal had been driven raving mad with a heavy dose of cocaine. As if the evidence were not sufficiently damning already, the owner let fly a searing volley of abuse at the jockey as the boy

led the horse in. What had happened, of course, was that, whilst the original instruction had been to win, and certainty had been made doubly sure by the injection, somehow or other the "gaff" had been blown, and the owner found the cream of the betting market had all

been skimmed. Thereupon, contrary orders were given to the jockey: but the wicked ones had overdone the dope. In other cases "Mandrake and all the sleepy herbs of Egypt" are employed! The thing was brought down to a fine art!



All "Down the Course" Bar One: by "The Tout"

Key—His Majesty's Derby candidate, *Rising Light*, by Hyperion out of the Manna mare *Bread Card*, is a fine, strong colt, with a victory in the Column Stakes earlier in the season to his credit. He is trained by Boyd Rochfort. *Chamossaire* belongs to *Squadron-Leader Stanhope Joel* and gave a good impression when he finished fourth in the Guineas to *Court Martial*. *Fordham* is one of the Aga Khan's Derby colts, and according to several sound judges at Headquarters, likely to make a bold bid for the spoils on Derby Day, as he is bred to stay. *Dante* belongs to Sir Eric Ohlson. He was narrowly defeated by *Court Martial* in the Guineas (his first defeat), and generally believed to be an unlucky loser. He was going on at the finish. *Sun Storm*, owned by Miss Dorothy Paget, is trained at Epsom, by Nightingall. He, too, finished well up in the Guineas after taking a lot out of himself through unruly behaviour at the starting gate. *Major J. B. Walker* is the owner of *Vicinity*, who is expected to improve on his effort in the Two Thousand, and if Lord Astor decides to run *Court Martial*, very likely he will finish in the first three. He is a very good colt indeed

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

War and Peace

STEPHEN SPENDER'S *Citizens in War—and After* (Harrap; 15s.), though, technically, it deals with the wartime subject of Civil Defence, seems to me to be one of the first important books of the peace—a peace which, though not yet total, has implications that have been facing us since (and indeed since before) VE-Day. We enter this peace, as we entered war, soberly, and with considerable resolves. At the same time we are tired and not a little dazed. We have lived through what, apart from everything else, has been a period of non-stop activity: indeed, we should all be very glad to rest. Rest, yes; but stop off, no. For many of us still feel charged-up with powers and energies of which, six years ago, we should not have thought ourselves capable. Can we switch these over into some other output; or must they run down to a full-stop, or go to waste?

War has given us nearly six years of intensive human experience. Not the least part of this has been service—and service alongside other people: people, in many cases, superficially very unlike ourselves. We have not only come to know them, but come, in the course of that, to know ourselves in a new way. And such knowledge—because this has been a total war—has extended outside the Forces, and has enriched almost every civilian man and woman. Are we to lose it with the return to peace?

It would be insincere to pretend that the stand-down of the Civil Defence services has not been, in one aspect, a relief. It sets free many who undertook night duties in addition to all-out daily work. But do some of us, perhaps, feel a slight vacuum? Do we miss the camaraderie of our stations and posts?

Civil Defence

M. SPENDER stresses the underlying link, rather than the break, between peace and war. His feeling for continuity gives background to his admirable account of the activities of the various branches of Civil Defence—the N.F.S., the Warden's Service, the Ambulance Service, the Light and Heavy Rescue, the W.V.S. Now the tin hats are being put away: Must we say good-bye to the spirit in which we wore them? Mr. Spender argues no—a hundred times no. The "—and After" parts of his book make no less inspiring reading than do his accounts of citizens still at war.

This is a full, able and brilliant piece of work. The background argument throws out into relief the concrete, informative and pictorial passages. (The actual illustrations are coloured photographs.) I do not think that either the former Civil Defence worker, or the interested onlooker wanting to know more, will find anything lacking. Mr. Spender himself is an ex-fireman; and

in his sections about the N.F.S.—and also about the Fire Service before it became the N.F.S.—experience shows in every line. As an ex-warden, I am in a position to check up on what he says about wardens, and I have no fault to find with, and nothing to add to, his picture. He has rendered, excellently, both the collective temperament of each of these two Services as Services, while suggesting and allowing for variations in each, from station to station, post to post. And he voices, in a brief, personal passage, a feeling many of us had, a feeling intensely secret, but not shameful—sheer *Boy's Own Paper* excitement at finding oneself in action. "Can this be me?" (I know the grammar is wrong; but in the internal exclamation grammar is seldom above reproach.)

Smooth-running interaction between the different Services was essential at a large incident. The firemen, wardens, Light and Heavy Rescue parties and ambulance personnel gained, literally, a working knowledge of one another during raids, and, as the Civil Defence technique adapted itself to the changing technique of raiders, the W.V.S. played an ever larger part, before and after incidents were declared closed. The collaboration was bound, however, to be at high pressure: between-times, back again at their posts or stations, the Services could not continue to be in touch, and therefore remained ignorant, however amiably so, of each other's interests and routine. Not the least valuable



Lt. Hugo Weisgall, whose portrait by Serge Rodzianko is reproduced above, is the brilliant young composer-conductor who has been invited four times to Brussels by H.R.H. the Queen Mother Elisabeth, to direct the orchestra of the Chappelle Musicale. He is well known to the British public as a guest-conductor of several of our leading orchestras, and in his own country has collected many prizes for his work

thing about *Citizens in War—and After* is that it provides a needed link-up—retrospectively, it is true, but not too late. The mobility (against all odds), the resource and courage of "the ambulance people" were well known: here we have filled in for us their routine

background. The highly-skilled and, to put it mildly, sombre work of the Heavy Rescue parties was more often taken for granted than studied. Mr. Spender shows how a collapsed building, with possibly living people underneath it, presents, in an awesome way, the same problems as a game of spillickins.

Lulls

HEAVY RESCUE, for reasons which imagination can supply, proved to be the most taciturn of the Services. With an East End warden, a Civil Defence doctor and two ambulance girls, Mr. Spender had, on the other hand, conversations which he has built up into vivid and solid portraits. Though much of the action part of the book has a London background, the author has not confined himself to London; by travelling, he has collected material from members of this "army without arms" all over the country.

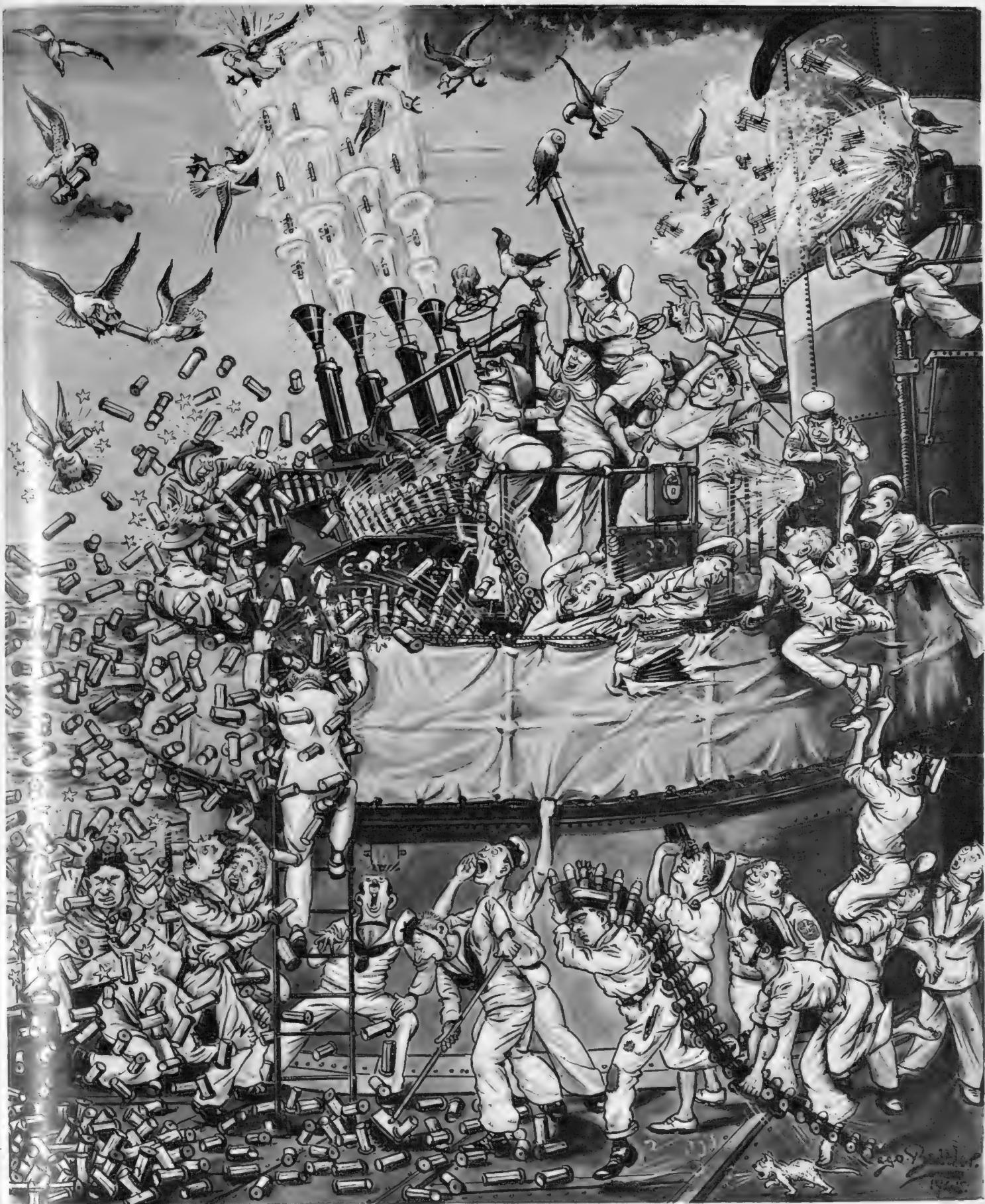
What of those who stood by faithfully throughout the war in areas on which few or no bombs happened to fall? They too deserve their laurels; incidentally, many came to London, during the capital's bad times, as volunteer reserves. London "lulls" presented—and perhaps in a more acute form—the same problems that in non-bombed areas had to be faced throughout: how to convert long spaces of inactivity for Civil Defence

(Concluded on page 312)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I WAS always convinced that when Peace dawned—it would stun us! And it has. At least, it has stunned me! And I have not yet quite recovered consciousness. The War in Europe went on so long that now many of us feel rather as Lazarus must have felt when he was raised from the dead—mentally haywire and all befuddled. We try to believe it, but find belief difficult. We have got so used to the suspense of war that now the immediate suspense no longer exists we don't know quite where we are! As night falls we still remember the blackout. A chink of light streaming through our curtains still gives us a shock. It is hard to convince ourselves that we don't care whether we listen to the Nine O'clock News or miss it. When a lorry starts up outside on first gear, the resemblance to a siren continues to make our tummies turn. A salvo of guns doesn't thrill us; instinctively we "duck"! Opening our newspaper, we find it queer to read among the displayed advertisements some lovely lines from the Bible about Victory and Peace—followed by the definite promise that soon, quite soon, we shall be able to enjoy somebody's biscuits, pickles or jam. We continue to carry torches. Consequently, it may be as well that we are likely to be let down very gently into real peace. The war against Japan still makes us pause with hearts heavy. It would be just too, too shattering if one could immediately go out and buy 5 lb. of fresh dairy butter off-the-ration! Or obtain a bottle of whisky without the secretiveness of hatching another Gunpowder Plot.

And I don't suppose many of us celebrated VE-Day in the manner we had



A Warm Interlude: By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

An impression, with due allowance for artistic exuberance, of a four-barrel multiple pom-pom in action on board a destroyer. This brand of gun has eight barrels in larger ships, but judging from the scene above, four barrels seem more than enough for a destroyer's gun-crew. Each shell weighs 2 lb., and has an effective range of 2000 yards. The rate of fire is 115 rounds per minute per barrel; in other words, 460 rounds per minute. What do they do with the empties? These guns are used chiefly against hostile aircraft and light attacking surface craft. The crew are in tropical rig, and as for Beuttler seagulls, well, gulls go as far as Asia and North Africa. If the ordinary seagull doesn't penetrate as far as the China coast, the answer is that these are not ordinary gulls. Then, again, the empty shell-cases do not fall out over the gun protection as a rule. But artistic licence must have an occasional fling

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 298)

Henderson were sitting together; his sister, Countess Orssich, was also there, watching her husband compete in some of the classes. W/Cdr. Woolf Barnato came to see his daughter ride his horses.

Dance at Admiralty House

M R. A. V. ALEXANDER (the initials stand for Albert Victor, designating him a true Victorian!), appearing as auctioneer at the dance in aid of the King George's Fund for Sailors, was making his swan-song as First Lord of the Admiralty, for now he has been succeeded in that office by Mr. Brendan Bracken. Mr. Alexander's ringing tones were so effective that his efforts brought in no less than £450. This dance was a great success and the ballroom at the Dorchester was crowded.

Mrs. Alexander had a party which included her daughter, Mrs. Evison, who, like so many of the women present, had blossomed out in full evening-dress. Lady Midleton, who was in Lady Hammond Graeme's party, also wore a long evening-dress. Mr. Alexander took the floor several times and proved as energetic a dancer as he was an auctioneer.

Others dancing were Lady Brabourne; Miss Rosemary Williams, in a jeune-fille frock of duck-egg blue; and Miss Clare Hardy, celebrating her twenty-first birthday, in a fluffy frock of pale pink lace. Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple Champneys were dancing together; the latter was still being congratulated on the successful film premiere at the Odeon, where she raised the magnificent sum of over £4,500 to aid China, and not £400, as appeared in these notes owing to a misprint.

Sir William Crawford was there, and A/Cdre. Beaumont was another in the crowd of men, Sir William cleverly sending up the bids at the auction, though he in the end was himself landed with a lady's marcasite clip! Others there were Lady McGowan, Mrs. Stanley Edgson and Lady Iris O'Malley, in powder-blue, and in her long fair hair (not put up Edwardian-wise this time) there were white flowers over each ear; she came with her mother, Lady Carisbrooke, and Lady Newborough.



Three Years' Service

Mrs. Gilbert Butler has served for three years in the A.T.S., and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Erskine, of Edinburgh. She married Lt. Gilbert Butler, who is in the Welsh Regiment, last summer



Basil Sheekleton

Now a Ferry Pilot

Mrs. Lovell-Pank, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McPherson, is a Third Officer in the A.T.A. She is the wife of Sub-Lt. Christopher (Kit) Lovell-Pank, R.N.V.R., who is a pilot in the Fleet Air Arm. He is a grandson of the late Sir John Lovell-Pank

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 310)

into some sort of gain, instead of demoralising dead loss. Wardens, as Mr. Spender points out, had their training lectures, in a progressive series, to keep them going. (Even so, I know cases where much was owing to Post Wardens' powers to keep their posts, during inactive vigils, cheerful centres of life.) In the N.F.S., vacuums were badly felt, until group discussions were introduced. As to the value of these discussions, Mr. Spender is in a position to speak with both authority and conviction. In the good sense, it seems more than possible that they have "started something." I should like to draw your attention, particularly, to the sections about Discussion Groups. . . And there was another resort in this enforced leisure—increasing production in arts and crafts.

When you have read *Citizens in War—and After*, I think you will see why I count it as not the last of the war books, but the first of the peace. It lays stress less upon the idea than upon the actual sensations of democracy. It reminds us how in the midst of death we were in life. Let us not lose life now we may hope to live it.

Time and a House

RUMER GODDEN'S *A Fugue in Time* (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.) is a novel of imaginative distinction. Its idea is one that might have appealed to Virginia Woolf, though the carrying out is Miss Godden's own; indeed, I do not think that the author of *Black Narcissus* and *Breakfast with the Nikolides* could at any time owe anything to any other writer. Her art is a curious—and, to me, very attractive—blend of sublimity and despair, lyricism and something just short of harshness.

The Dane family have, for the whole term of their ninety-nine years' lease, occupied 99, Wiltshire Place, a London house. To this home, completed in the year of their marriage, John Dane, in the early 1840's, brought his seventeen-year-old bride Griselda. Now, half-way through the World War, the lease is just running out, the owners will not renew and the aged, unmarried Sir Roland Dane, K.C.B., D.S.O.—the youngest and now the only surviving one of John and Griselda's nine children—is to be evicted. To her great-uncle, during his last days in the house, arrives young American Grizel Dane, in London with a U.S. ambulance unit and with, apparently, no other place to live. These two occupy the silent, once-teeming and humming house; and, together, watch the Wiltshire Place sands run out.

I say "now." Actually, there is no fixed "now" in the book: past, present and future mingle; or, rather, interweave like themes in a fugue. Hence the novel's name. Everything that has ever happened in this is still happening, and is happening simultaneously. We have the original couple, Grizel and John Dane, their servants, three of their children—Pelham, Selina and Rollo—and the foundling Lark, whom John Dane brought home to his grown-up family after his wife's death. All these we see at different ages and stages of their existence. Times of day in the house bring to life these people, sometimes at a crisis, sometimes in the accustomed flow of the family routine: they pass up and down stairs, sit by fires, talk on the balcony, light the candles on birthday cakes or on Christmas-trees, ring or answer bells. Any arbitrary time-sequence is broken up—we pass, without warning, to and fro through the years. Is this confusing for the reader? At the beginning I found it so, but gradually the different characters, with their inherent destinies and their buried wishes, so gained a hold on me that the musical intermingling of everything became as interesting as it was strange. The end, with its reconciliations, is like a final chord.

Celluloid King

"*A N APE, A DOG AND A SERPENT*," by Gerald Kersh (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), by subtitling itself "A Fantastic Novel" forestalls any criticism on that score. Edgar Prem, a journalist on the run after an escapade in his own unnamed Central European country, falls in, in Paris, with Walter Chinchilla—dynamic and magnetic adventurer, who sees a pile to be made in the film racket. From their start, *circa* 1912, Chinchilla and Prem (his disciple-victim) never look back. Chinchilla's wife, the appalling, seductive Edda, gurgles and yawns in the background. To those who like a satiric success-story, with a bland monster-hero, I recommend this. An element of nightmare adds to the fun. *An Ape, a Dog and a Serpent* may well add to, and will certainly not detract from, Gerald Kersh's increasing reputation.

Magic in the Family

WITH *After Bath* (Jonathan Cape; 8s. 6d.) Vaughan Wilkins—of *And So—Victoria and Being Met Together*—makes what should be a remarkable addition to children's literature. William and Garland, the elder son and daughter, His Wizezy Mr. J. A. P. O. Minchin, Lord Wizard of Minchester, make an adventurous journey in search of further magic with which to restore the family fortunes, which have been running down. They collect, as ally, Agony, fourteen-year-old evacuee parlourmaid to Mrs. Gress, the cosy old ogress at South Lodge. They contend with Gremlins. I question only one thing—should not such a good children's story be for children of all time; and may not the war vocabulary, in *After Bath*, date?

Sinister Larder

I N Dead Ernest (Crime Club; 7s. 6d.) Alice Tilton gives us further adventures of Leonidas Witherall—"Bill" to friends on account of his resemblance to Shakespeare. A blonde carolling quatrains and strewing orchids, a corpse in a refrigerator, a bowl of goldfish, a chair-woman, a policemen's beano and several intrusive neighbours all play their parts in a fine, crazy, noisy plot.

Pace of
Peace



Some of us recall the time when, in emergency, a man could drop into our Regent Street shop, have a hot bath, get himself shaved, furnish himself with complete evening attire, have his theatre ticket booked and a taxi at the door to take him to the show—all within an hour. Many of these pleasant activities will return with peace.

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DERBY DAY



• Marion goes to the Derby wearing a brown, thin wool tailored dress trimmed with white piqué, and a white panama hat from Fortnum and Mason. • Wilhelmina also chose her clothes at Fortnum's, a red and cream printed silk dress, and a cream straw hat trimmed with red gros grain. On her arm she carries one of Fortnum's own special loose coats, which are so easy to wear and to slip over any dress; this one is in red barathea

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Stories from Everywhere

THE following are some snappy quips from American papers:—

TSaleswoman, showing a victory girdle to buxom customer: "I don't think it will support you in the manner to which you're accustomed."

Girl to boy friend: "I didn't say it was a small diamond. I just said it looked like it was all paid for!"

Employer to bungling workman: "This is the last straw, Evans! I'm giving you two years' notice!"

Sweet young thing about to take a train, to station bookseller: "I want a good book to catch a soldier's eye with."

THE new secretary was recounting her experiences of past employers to the typist.

"My goodness," the typist said after hearing of five different changes in eighteen months, "you have had a lot of bosses!"

"Yes," replied the young secretary, "but I think I'm on the last lap now."

ARATHER stout young fellow, who was training to be an officer, failed in an examination on "tactics." This riled his instructor, who called him aside to give the usual slating.

"You seem to be rather better fed than taught, young man," he said sarcastically.

"That's easily explained, sir," replied the candidate. "You see, you do the teaching, but I feed myself."

THIS one is from *Dublin Opinion*.

There were two shops in a certain district. Proprietor A said to Proprietor B: "I hope you're doing good business."

"It's nice of you to say that," said Proprietor B, "but, if you'll excuse me for asking you, why do you say it so heartily?"

"Because," said Proprietor A, "I've been keeping my can open round the district, and as far as I am able to gather, as soon as the emergency is over, all your customers are coming to me and all my customers are going to you."



Alexander Binder

Miss Isabel Dean is the attractive young actress daughter of Commander Dudley Coles, R.N., Secretary to the Privy Purse. She is at present appearing as Hermia in the production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Haymarket Theatre

"I got it for kissing the bride after the wedding," replied the other, with a rueful grin.

"But I thought it was permissible to kiss the bride after the ceremony."

"But this was two years after."

"PETERBOROUGH" in the *Daily Telegraph* tells this:—

The Lord Mayor is proving a worthy successor of his predecessor, Sir Frank Newson-Smith in the matter of good stories. Here is his latest, told at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

A woman because of the inclement weather, took a small boy and girl to a church close at hand instead of the one with which they were both familiar.

The boy, gazing around in awe, whispered, "Mummy, are we registered here?"

SOME holidaymakers in Kentucky decided to go up in the hills to see how the mountain folk lived. They came to a farm where a man was lying on the front porch, smoking a corn cob pipe, and a woman was digging in a plot of land. One of the visitors approached him and said: "Isn't that hard work for your wife?"

"Yep," answered the man, "but we work in shifts."

"Oh, I see, when she gets tired you take over."

"Naw," he said. "When she gets tired out in the garden she shifts to the house chores."

A CANDIDATE for a commission in the Navy was interviewed by an Admiralty Selection Board. The interview was satisfactory, but when afterwards the young man was asked by his father what was the rank of the senior member of the Board, he had to admit he couldn't say.

"But," he added hopefully, he thought the officer "had gold sleeves with a couple of navy blue bands."



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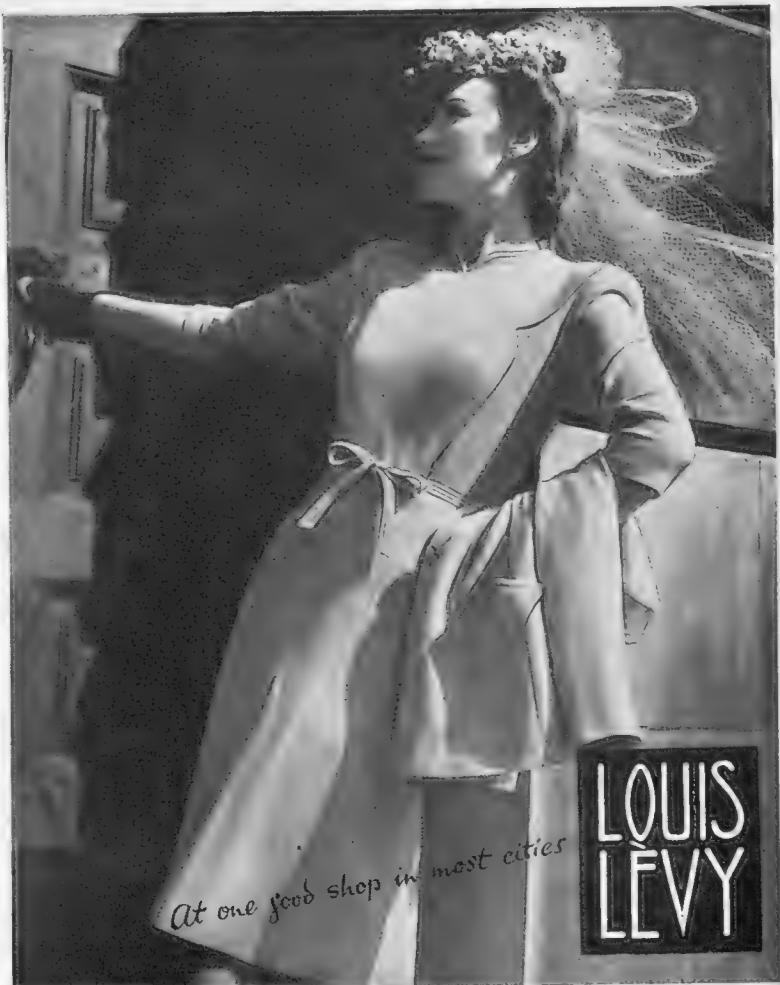
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Sinclair's Achievement

SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR will be remembered as the Secretary of State for Air during one of the great periods of Royal Air Force operational achievement. He is a most difficult person to analyse and he never enjoyed the sort of popularity of one of his predecessors, Sir Kingsley Wood. But his sincerity was his most marked characteristic.

He believed in air power and he did all he could to give it its full opportunity. Not the least of the things that go to his credit is his willingness to collaborate with the other service departments. It is difficult for a political chief who believes as he ought to do in his own service as being of supreme importance, to assist the other services to the fullest extent. This has always been the trouble in the three-service system and it has long been my belief that air power will never get its full opportunity until the three-service system is abandoned and a single fighting force is created with a single political head and three co-equal departments within it for sea, land and air.

But during the war against Germany the realization was gradually borne in upon the country that the three services must abandon their private aims, private jealousies and private quarrels and must get together to the common good.

It was the German rush through France and the manner of collaboration between the Junkers dive bombers and the tanks that revealed how important a thing close collaboration and even integration could be.

Most people in aviation, though they never got to know Sir Archibald Sinclair as a man, will regret his going as a Minister and hope that one day the turn of fortune may bring him back again.

Motor Names

THE Armstrong Siddeley Company seems to be the first to appreciate the sales value of a name linked with a famous aircraft. I see they are calling the saloon model of their sixteen horse-power car the Lancaster and the coupé model the Hurricane. Armstrong Siddeley Motors is part of the Hawker Siddeley Group which has been responsible for these two famous aircraft.



W/Cdr. D. C. McKinley, D.F.C., A.F.C., is the captain of the Lancaster bomber Aries that has just arrived in this country after its flight over the Magnetic North Pole, a flight of 4,170 miles, nonstop. He is seen chatting to A/V/M. Sir Philip Babbington, Air Officer commanding flying training, who greeted the crew on arrival

ceived was of an essentially modern though restrained line.

Fast Flagellate

IN a scientific paper which I was reading the other day I happened to come across the fact that the relative speed ratio of the Spitfire, that is to say the distance it traverses in relation to its own length in unit time, is less than half of the speed of a thing called *Monas stigmatica*, which measures six microns in length; a micron incidentally being one millionth part of a metre. Another thing about this almost incredible organism is that it uses for propelling itself through the water the principle of the airscrew; in other words a rotating inclined plane.

It is a useful thing to remember as a contribution to the argument about who first invented the airscrew, *Monas stigmatica* being two or three hundred million years old.

Pole Jumping

THE Lancaster Aries brought back some interesting information after its flight over the magnetic and geographical Poles. It seems that in the past we have been about 200 or 300 miles out in our estimation of the position of the magnetic North Pole and that the place where the compass tries to turn itself inside out is somewhere in the Sverdrup Islands.

The crew of the Aries used some special navigating instruments to make their flights and if the Polar regions, as many people think, become a busy air junction it follows that all aircraft operating over them will also have to carry special navigating instruments.

The magnetic compass has had a long and glorious innings, but it does begin to look as if it is approaching the end of its career at any rate for aircraft. Radio signals were not seriously interfered with during the Aries flights and these and various forms of directional gyro should provide a means of checking an aircraft's heading at any moment with greater certainty than the old magnetic compass, however well developed, can give.

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